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PHILIP, MY KING.

BY MISS MULOCH.

Look at me, with thy large brown eyes,
Philip, my king!
For around thee the purple shadow lies
Of babyhood's regal dignities;
Lay on my neck thy tiny hand
With love's invisible sceptre laden;
I am thine Esther, to command,
Till thou shalt find thy queen-handmaiden,
Philip, my king!

Oh the day when thou goest a-wooing,
Philip, my king!
When thy beautiful lips are suing,
And some gentle heart-bars undoing,
Thou dost enter love-crowned, and there
Sittest all glorified! Rule kindly,
Tenderly over thy kingdom fair,
For we that love, ah! we love so blindly,
Philip, my king!

I gaze from thy sweet mouth up to thy brow,
Philip, my king!
Ay, there lies the spirit, all sleeping now,
That may rise like a giant, and make men bow
As to one God-throned amidst his peers,
My soul, than thy brethren higher and fairer,
Let me behold thee in coming years!
Yet thy head needeth a circlet rarer,
Philip, my king!

A wreath, not of gold, but palm, one day.
Philip, my king!
Thou too must tread, as we tread, a way
Thorny, and bitter, and cold, and gray:
Rebels within thee, and foes without
Will snatch at thy crown. But go on, glorious,
Martyr, yet monarch! till angels shout
As thou sitt'st at the feet of God, victorious,
"Philip, the king!"

CLEVE CLIFF.

A TALE OF THE COAST.

In the autumn of 1860, among the visitors at the pretty watering-place, Clevedown, on the south coast, was Arthur Golding, a good-looking, stalwart young fellow of nine-and-twenty, who had run his yacht into Clevedown Bay at the earnest solicitation of Mr. Burnet, the father of a college chum. It was the holiday season, when most Londoners were at the sea-side or in Scotland; and Golding, tired of law, was glad of the opportunity for a quiet cruise round the coast of Sussex and Hampshire, with an occasional look in at the Isle of Wight. Arthur was tired of another estate besides that of law, and his friend Frederick Burnet, also a young barrister, had set about seriously to look for a wife for him.

"I tell you what, old fellow," said Frederick at last in chambers; "you can't do better than marry Miss Wraxall."

"And who," languidly asked Arthur Golding, filliping the ash from his cigar, as they looked over the London leads at the London sparrows, "is Miss Wraxall? It's a hideous name."

"Yes, isn't it? Golding's a better: make it Golding. At all events, come to Clevedown, where my father is going this season, and where I am to join him and the family, and where Miss Wraxall is to be as well. She's a splendid girl."

So it was arranged that Golding should moor his yacht in Clevedown Bay, and try his fortune with the desirable Miss Wraxall. Frederick wrote to his father, and procured a warm invitation for Arthur; and when the London season terminated, the two young men looked cheerily forward to their next meeting by the sea.

In September, Arthur Golding arrived at Clevedown. Mr. Burnet had rented for the autumn a roomy house on a down overlooking the English Channel, whose breakers tumbled incessantly against the foot of the cliff near the summit of which the house stood. To the right of this residence, facing the sea, were various other villas scattered along the coast. To the left was the coast-guard station, and, further on, a lofty headland overhanging the channel, known as Cleve Cliff. The cliff sloped concavely towards the sea, whose waves had hollowed out a cavern in its rocky sides. At the summit, approached with difficulty even from the land side, and from the sea quite inaccessible, an old and time-eaten railing of wood afforded hazardous protection against falling into the ocean. Behind these rickety rails was a seat, from which the view was magnificent.

When Arthur Golding ran his yacht ashore farther down the coast where there was landing, he found the house prety full, and among the visitors the desirable Miss Wraxall. Assuredly his friend had not exaggerated her attractions. Tall, dark, of majestic figure, and a southern type of beauty, almost startling in the suddenness with which it fascinated the beholder, hers was the loveliness most splendid when at its dawn, but apt to wane as soon as maturity is reached. The black bands and coils of her hair roofed a brow singularly white for so *brune* a beauty; but the chief expression of the face lay in the eyes—dark eyes, that blazed rather than

lighted at the merest approach to excitement—eyes which were mostly lovely, but might be terrible. A strong and passionate nature was revealed by glimpses in the quick waking of those eyes. A nature which could evidently love ardently, and might hate fatally.

"Your friend—Miss Wraxall, I think you call her—is remarkably handsome," said Arthur to his hostess the evening of his arrival.

"Clara? Yes, Clara is generally admired and used to admiration," answered Mrs. Burnet. "You know she is not only handsome and clever, but rich. To do her justice, though, admiration has not spoiled her. I think she is utterly indifferent alike to flattery and devotion."

"Money has spoiled her, of course," thought Golding, "as it does most women. She regards all men as mercenary who approach her with a civil word. It's plain that my plan, supposing I cared to go in for Frederick's absurd suggestion, would be to adopt the reverse of civility. That is, if I wanted to make an impression. But I must study her a little first."

Whatever course his study might lead him to, it is certain he put his plan into immediate operation. He was barely civil to Miss Wraxall from the first. In a day or two, he contradicted her openly. He would artfully start a general discussion, in which he foresaw that she would take a certain side, whereupon he would immediately adopt the opposite side, and browbeat her. All this, too, without seeming to care to pursue the subject, but with a contemptuous indifference, which at first galled her and raised her anger. Then her dark eyes would flash out their rage, and bitter words sprang to her lips. Having succeeded in rousing her, he would apologise and retire, with a sarcastic smile, which told her plainly (for she was quick-witted at reading expression) that he deferred to her sex, and not to her individual judgment; that he yielded to politeness, not to conviction.

Now Clara Wraxall was strong-minded in some things, and despised the vantage-ground of her sex. She liked to meet an intellectual antagonist in fair fight, and beat him out of the mental field; and Arthur Golding manifestly showed her that, as a woman, she was not worth arguing with at all.

This line of conduct was a new experience to her. She had been accustomed to smooth suitors, who deferred to her in all things; suitors who were fascinated by her beauty, suitors who sought her money, suitors who were afraid of her wit. But here was plainly one—no suitor either—who cared for neither beauty nor wealth, and who scorned her mind. At first she was piqued, then enraged, then interested. She would conquer this handsome and independent antagonist, this man who actually in her presence dared to call his soul his own. She laid her entrenchments for his subjugation. Once more she offered mental battle, but with a repetition of the old result. Then she fell back on her beauty, and put on her most winning and dazzling airs. But Arthur held mockingly aloof, though he laughed to himself to see how well his plan was working.

"I say, old fellow," said Frederick Burnet, one afternoon as they were pulling about the bay in a four-oar, "I believe the gorgeous Clara is actually smitten with you. I never saw her take such evident interest in a fellow before. She absolutely mopes when you are not present, and lightens up when you appear, like—like—"

"Fusees, Fred: you are generally staggered at metaphors. Or say lucifers, if you prefer it."

"Talking of Lucifer," said Burnet, "you never saw Clara thoroughly in a rage, Golding. Somehow I think she has softened down, and got more lamb-like within the last week or two. I wonder if she would take to you? You ought to go in at once, and try."

Golding made no reply; and they pulled towards the beech. Landing, they came upon the coast-guardsman.

This coast-guardsman was quite an institution at Clevedown, as solid and invariable in his way as Cleve Cliff. Stationed in front of an arrangement of flagstaffs which resembled the mast and tackling of a ship, or else marching up and down a line of planks, which was to him as the quarter-deck, from which he from time to time threw a distrustful glance at the ocean, he presented a figure with which the visitors at Clevedown were familiar. They would often stop and speak with him, and take a look-out through the telescope from which he was never dissociated; though they never by any chance succeeded in discovering anything by that dubious medium. In fact, the impossibility of making any object out by means of that telescope afforded to ignorant landsmen a clue to the habitual moodiness of the coast-guardsman. It was generally believed by the Clevedown visitors that no mortal soul had penetrated the haziness of that telescope, not even himself, but that he was pledged to maintain its character before the world, and the necessity of guarding so solemn a secret affected him with chronic depression. Anyway, he was a taciturn, irreconcileable man; one not to be won over to confidences; one who would never acquiesce in any statement, however self-evident, without opposing it first with a flat contradiction.

"Keeping a sharp look-out, Jack, eh? said Burnet in passing.

"No, sir," returned the obstinate coast-guardsman, "I can't say I am. I'm doing my duty. That's what I'm doing."

He shut up his telescope with an air which plainly said, "Tortures shall not wring from me the confession that this instrument is an awful imposition."

"And that duty is to look after the other duty—the national duty—the revenue. And very proper, too, Jack; you're a patriot. Have a pull?"

The coast-guardsman relaxed in grimness at the sight of the proffered pocket-pistol. He even accepted it without qualification.

"Anything stirring?" asked Arthur.

"No, sir," said the coast-guardsman. "There's been a suspicious-looking craft cruising about, and Slippy Jem is not to be found. But we've got our eye on him, for all he's so 'cute."

Slippy Jem, a gentleman suspected of being engaged in the smuggling way, was, like the celebrated telescope, a source of profound uneasiness to the coast-guardsman. He had hitherto been cautious enough to keep clear of direct implication with any smuggling transaction, though not of suspicion. This extreme wariness on Slippy Jem's part was another reputed cause of the officer's depression.

"Desperate villains, smugglers, aren't they, Jack?" observed Burnet.

"Oh, they're not desperate," answered Jack contemptuously. "Lord bless you, they're not game enough to be desperate—at least not on this coast. Up Kent way they show a little fight now and then, but here they haven't the spirit of a tom cat. Why only about ten weeks ago, my mate came on a party of about twenty of 'em, running brandy. They had landed on the rocks out yonder, at night (it was precious dark), and they were hauling the casks with ropes up the cliff. When they caught sight of my mate, down they let the casks and was off in a jiffy. He's less than me, and I ain't a big man, but he was enough for twenty of that sort. And Slippy Jem, he's a nice fellow to call a smuggler, I don't think. If he'd only come out and show himself, I'd know where to have him. But will he come out?" continued the coast-guardsman, in a tone of profound disgust. "No, he won't."

This obstinate spirit on the part of Slippy Jem so affected the coast-guardsman, that there was evidently nothing more to be had out of him. The two young men walked up the down towards the house.

"I wonder what light would come into those eyes, if I made love to her," thought Arthur, with his mind on Clara: "whether they would soften now. Gad! I shouldn't go into raptures if they did—I don't care for her enough, in spite of her beauty. Still, I should like to try, as an experiment in natural history."

He sought her out that evening, and altered his manner towards her. Hitherto sarcastic and indifferent almost to rudeness, he now adopted a gentler—even a tender tone. The change in him threw her into an almost childish delight. Her old enemy was at last striking his colors.

Delicately, and with insidious approaches, he narrowed his entrenchments, nearing the citadel day by day, until he knew that a sudden assault would carry it. As yet he had never told Clara Wraxall that he loved her, but he allowed her to infer it in a hundred nameless ways; and in as many more he knew that she loved him. The inference left her very happy, and somewhat softer in mood—certainly softer towards him. And he? Well, he was not in love with her as yet, though the unspoken love-making gratified him with the pride which conquest brings.

They now spent most of their time together. The household at the Burnets said they were engaged. Arthur and Clara said nothing.

Three or four weeks went by in this pleasant manner, when an arrival roused Arthur Golding to a sense of "his goings on." One day Burnet said—

"Golding, I'm sorry I shall have to leave you to-morrow; but don't let that hurry your departure. I've promised to look after some business for my father in Scotland, and must start at once. By-the-bye, some cousins of ours are coming to-morrow, so you'll be consoled for the loss of one in the domestic circle. I commend Kate Burnet to your special attention, she is a nice little girl. But I forgot; you're taken up already with the magnificent Clara."

Next day the cousins arrived: the said Kate, her brother Edward, a lad of nineteen, and a mamma, a lady so aged and stiff-limbed that she seemed to have been excavated from some geological formation. A very short space of intercourse with the new-comers taught Arthur Golding two important facts. The first was that the youth Edward was as hopelessly and insanely in love with Clara Wraxall as a young man of his age generally is with somebody older than himself; the second was that Kate Burnet was a pretty, gentle girl, whom it would be quite possible to like very much at first sight, and love very much ever after.

And then he fell suddenly and strangely in love with her. He could not tell how it happened, he could not reason on the matter at all; he simply tumbled down a kind of amatory abyss, and came to consciousness when he was at the bottom. He had not interchanged many words with her, and he had been flirting desparately with Clara; yet here he was at the end of it—all but engaged to Clara, and in love with Kate. He took himself to task severely, mentally shook himself, and metaphorically boxed his own ears for a senseless noodle. It was all to no purpose. He did not like Clara a bit, and he loved Miss Burnet to adoration.

He watched that silly young Edward flutter round his goddess, and internally wished he could consign her, a human cargo, to Edward's care, freight and imposts paid. He was afraid of Clara now, afraid lest she should discover the true state of his heart. Not for himself he feared, but for Kate. He could not say what that passionate nature might dare against a successful rival. He would put an end to her hopes at all events by withdrawing himself. He had never declared his love; it was only a mild flirtation, nothing more. Of what, then, could she complain?

It was a well-meant but a wrong headed resolution, viewing the woman with whom he had to deal; and again he blundered in trusting to his own nature. True, he could withdraw himself from Clara's society, but it was not so easy to keep out of Kate's way. The "metal more attractive" exerted a fatal influence over him. School himself as he would, he found himself irresistibly impelled to Kate's side. He might have put an end to this conflict for ever, by leaving Clevedown. He was a free agent of course. But then, what man in love *is* a free agent? Thus he lingered on, and the days sped by, and Clara Wraxall, he could see, was brooding over his altered manner. She had tried various little arts to win him back; she had even endeavored to excite his jealousy by flirting with the infatuated Edward, transporting that youth to the seventh heaven, from which she soon precipitated him by comparing him disadvantageously with Mr. Golding. From that moment the young lover hated Arthur with a devouring, jealous hatred.

Not altogether in idle purpose had she struck this chord in her young lover's breast. For the slight which she felt Arthur had offered her had grown with broodings over it into an insult, and Clara was one of those women whom it is not safe to insult. She had already conceived the wish to do him a sudden and deadly injury, for she knew she was supplanted. Once or twice the temptation had occurred to her to wreak some evil on Kate, but she rejected that thought as impracticable. "It would only turn his liking for her into love," thought Clara, "if he thought she had suffered for his sake. Besides, my quarrel is not with that poor doll, it is with him. I would rather he suffered if any one." And then, with a somewhat vague purpose, though it pointed to the one end—namely, the design of dealing him a blow, though how or when she could not determine—she bethought herself of the plan to secure an instrument for herself and an enemy to Arthur in her young lover Edward.

One morning the family were discussing over the breakfast-table the particulars of a tragedy recorded in the newspapers. A woman of the lower order, stung by jealousy, had stabbed to the heart the mistress of her husband, and had been placed on her trial for murder. Mr. Burnet was laying down his opinion that the accused would escape with penal servitude, having received such strong provocation.

"She was a fool," burst out Clara, her dark eyes lighting; "she should have killed her husband; that would have been the fuller revenge. Did she think to hurt him by destroying his paramour? Why, even though she had done it with impunity, what would have been the result? That he would have forgotten his loss in a month, and taken another. It is the nature of men to sin, and to wrong, and to forget. The coward—the mean dastard! she should have stabbed him."

"Hallo, Clara," exclaimed Mr. Burnet, opening his eyes, "we shall have you coming out in the tragic line next—a Medea of the nineteenth century."

She rose from the table, leaving Arthur decidedly uncomfortable, and walked down to the beach, her passionate spirit on fire. Walking fiercely onward, she came on the coast-guardsman.

"Is anybody ever drowned hereabouts?" she asked the coast-guardsman abruptly.

"No," returned that obstinate functionary; immediately adding, "three years ago a man tumbled off Cleve Cliff, and never came up again."

She looked toward the cliff.

"Well, then he was drowned, wasn't he?"

"Some say he was dashed on the rocks," answered the coast-guardsman grudgingly.

"Was anybody with him when he fell?"

"His sweetheart."

"Perhaps she pushed him over."

"Good Lord!" ejaculated the coast-guardsman; "what should she push him over for?"

Clara Wraxall made no reply, but walked to the summit of Cleve Cliff. The placid ocean, beautiful in the morning sunlight, was laving the foot of the rock beneath her as she bent over the hazardous railing.

"An easy plunge and a swift death here," she thought, "if the worst came to the worst. Depend upon it that girl pushed her lover down. Perhaps he deserved it."

She stayed there an hour ruminating. "I don't know," she reflected, "that I could ever kill a man with my own hand, however much I might hate him; but I know I could see him killed without putting forth a finger to save him." So saying, she descended the cliff and returned to the house, where, with the irresolution which was her one claim to womanhood, she set about a last effort to win back the straying affections of Arthur Golding.

But all her arts were to no purpose. Arthur remained cold and distant, and her womanly instinct detected a rival. One day Golding had determined, for the seventieth time, to leave Cleavedown on the morrow, and announced his resolution to his host.

"What, leave us now at the best part of the autumn?" exclaimed Mr. Burnet; "oh, nonsense! It's too late to shoot, and for idling purposes there's no place like the south. Besides, we've our picnic to-morrow on Cleve Cliff. You must stay for the picnic."

And Arthur yielded and stayed. Oh, those picnics—disastrous ever to the peace of incipient lovers! Blessed beyond the name (unfortunately unrecorded) of the man who invented sleep—blessed by young hearts is the man who invented picnics. If Arthur had been as learned in psychology as he was in the law, he would have shunned the new danger. But he was ignorant, or perhaps courted danger—at all events, he went. The inevitable fate befel him. A row to Cleve; a shifty banquet on the grass; a stroll over the headlands looking on the sea; a ramble down the rocks to the blue water; and he found himself with Kate. They were alone, and the tide was coming in. (I have remarked that tender hearts are always softer when the tide is coming in; doubtless becase the moon regulates both alike—love and water.) The day was declining; an autmn evening, calm and cool, growing apace. Arthur Golding could stand it no longer.

"Miss Burnet," he began; "Miss Burnet—Kate—may I call you Kate?"

You know what followed. When a gentleman begins by addressing a young lady by her surname, and immediately substitutes the Christian name, it usually leads to one result. Arthur Golding obeyed the immutable law; and before the sea had advanced another foot it was all over; his love was told, and a sweet admission obtained in return.

The tide was at its flood.

He walked up Cleve Cliff, a cooler man. Kate Burnet had rejoined her fossil mamma. Kate loved him, and had confessed it. So far, that was satisfactory. But how about Miss Wraxall? He lit a cigar, and pondered over that problem, looking down over the rickety rail on the cliff-head into the sea, on which the shades of night were thickly falling. He thought over it until the difficulty of the situation had melted into clouds as thin and unsubstantial as the wreaths of smoke curling from his cigar. Turning to join the picnic party, now wending homeward, he encountered the subject of his meditation.

"Miss Wraxall!"

She was pale, and unnaturally calm; he could see that, dark as it was getting. She advanced full upon him.

"Sit," she said. "They are going home. You are too late to overtake them. You are too late to overtake *her*. Sit down."

"Pardon me—I——"

"Sit, I say. I have something to speak to you about."

He bowed, and sat down on the rustic seat on the cliff. He could do little else, in common politeness. She took a seat beside him, placed her hands on his knees, and looked into his face.

"Arthur"—her voice was troubled: "why have you changed towards me?"

He did not reply; the truth being that he was for the moment nonplussed.

"Arthur Golding," she resumed, after an awkward pause, "for the last month you have led me to believe you loved me. You *told* me so. Silence, sir! If ever looks—lying looks—spoke love, yours did. Did they not?"

He had recovered himself somewhat by this time. "If they did" he answered coldly, "I am unfortunate. I do not love you, and have never loved you."

"She started up, her hot blood on fire, and her passion overmastering her. "You love that chit—that doll—that baby-face; you have thrown away me for her; you have trampled on a woman's heart for a thing of plaster, with the soul of a puling child! Is it not so?"

Her fierce incentive almost bore him down. He rose, and stepped back towards the railing on the edge of the cliff, she fiercely following.

"Speak, you smooth-tongued villain!" hissed Clara Wraxall; "am I not right? Do you not love Miss Weazen-face?"

"You can say nothing of Miss Burnet," answered Arthur, "that does not raise her in my estimation and make me loathe you more."

She threw up her clenched fists in the whirlwind of her passion. "If I were a man, I would throw you into the sea for those words. I would strike you dead before me if I could. Hah!" she cried, looking over his shoulder, down the path which led to the land side of the cliff; and to his intense surprise she flung herself into his arms, clasping him close, swaying backward and forward, and emitting shriek upon shriek of piercing shrillness.

"Good heavens, Clara, what can you mean?" exclaimed Arthur Golding. "Are you mad?—Clara!"

Still she clung to him, screaming, and affecting to battle with him. A dim figure ascended the cliff by the pathway—came nearer, and revealed Edward Burnet in the shadows of the growing night.

Clara Wraxall burst away from Arthur, and flew to the new-comer. "Oh, Mr. Burnet," she cried; "you—*you* will at least protect me! That man has insulted me—has offered me violence."

"Mr. Golding!" exclaimed the astonished Edward, recognising him.

"Thank heaven you came," she sobbed. "He—I cannot say how grossly he endeavored to wrong me."

Arthur Golding, standing against the railing, had, up to this, had no opportunity to interpose a word. With an infatuated cry of fury the young man rushed at him and aimed a blow at his head with a thick stick which had aided his ascent.

"Scoundrel!" cried Edward, delivering the blow.

Interposing his arm, Arthur Golding received the blow—a severe one—while with the other hand he stopped the young

man's mad rush. There was a momentary scuffle, a push from Golding, and Edward Burnet was hurled against the railing, which crashed beneath his weight, and he disappeared over the edge of the cliff.

"Merciful heaven!" cried Arthur Golding, horror-stricken. "What have I done?"

"You have killed him," screamed Clara Wraxall. "He is dead. You have murdered the brother of your beloved."

And like one possessed she fled screaming down the path and was lost in the darkness.

TO BE CONTINUED.

ARRIVAL OF A "PRESIDENTIAL TRAIN."

IMMENSE EXCITEMENT IN SALT LAKE CITY!

THE LIGHTS HAVE TO BE EXTINGUISHED!!

A TRAIN THROWN OFF THE TRACK IN CONSEQUENCE!!!

Jingo, our special reporter, sends us the following account of the arrival of an Express Train. We are somewhat behind the times in presenting it; but, as many persons living in the country were not present, and should they come to the city now, could not possibly catch that Train, as it left about a week ago, we present the following for their especial benefit:

Stirred up by the occasion, our reporter commences with the following beautiful poetical effusion:

Oh were ye ne'er a school-boy!
And did *you* never, *Train*,
And feel that swelling of the heart
You ne'er shall feel again?

The first *Train* on the U. P. R. R. arrived; a stage belonging to Clawson and Caine was run over by it. An immense crowd gathered immediately. Strange to relate, this *Train* ran all the way from Boston without a *tender behind*, and was propelled entirely by *gas* instead of steam. Fearing an explosion, a portion of the gas was turned off immediately, but there was still enough left to run the *Train* for an hour and a half. Gentle reader, did you ever see a *Train?* 'Tis quite a *sight*—we stepped on a *train* once, and we saw *sights* —shall never forget it. From what we saw of this *Train*, we think it couldn't be easily *switched off*. On examination this *Train* was ascertained to be Geo. Francis Train. The proprietor held forth on his grievances at the theater. We didn't go into the *gal*-lery fearing we should find too many *gals* there, and might step on a few *trains*; besides we are not accustomed to moving in the *upper circles* of society. These circles are much frequented by individuals who have been *re*-fined by Alderman Clinton, whose services in this respect cannot be over-estimated. No matter how coarse, how ignorant or how illiterate a man may be, he can seldom appear twice before the Alderman without becoming *re*-fined. In fact, his refining influence can only be equalled by his philanthropy: he loves to place *lost characters* on the *road*, advising them, at the same time, to work out their own salvation.

On entering the theater, we were much affected to see all the people sitting in *tiers*. After clapping some time, Train made his appearance and remarked that he ought to be in bed—said he would just as soon be hissed as clapped—we suppose his indifference in this respect arises from the fact that he has recently been *clapped* into jail.

As the audience voted for an "incoherent" account, *we* determined on the spot to satisfy them. The people were charged 75cts. and 100cts. a head. George Francis assured us he always took the *cents* of the people, whether they had any or not, but never kept any *sense* himself; here's where we felt to *goinside* with him (it being our own practice.)

Said he had spoken one hundred and seventy-eight nights, which he attributed to the fact that he didn't chew nor drink, nor spend any time in *gamboling*. We don't perceive anything remarkable in this, our wife has addressed us two hundred and seventy-eight consecutive nights in this city, and don't seem to weaken—we must admit, however, that she drinks and chews, as far as the dilapidated state of her teeth will admit.

The lecturer is a figurative speaker we should judge from the illustrations on the black-board: in the first place, he drew a large audience; also drew a thing like a balloon, which he said was San Francisco; said it was about to go up, but explained that the railroad cut the gas out of it. We suppose it is all right, but not being accustomed to gas, didn't see it in *that* light. His strongest point was where he pointed out the U. P. money on the black-board; many present couldn't see that, but would have been very glad to have done so. He got off the track two or three times, but this is excusable in a *Train* that *runs* on the U.P. R. R. It was 9½ o'clock before he became a *through Train*.

We understand that George Francis held forth a second night, proving himself a swifter *Train* than ever, running at the rate of about ten thousand words an hour. Photographs of his powerful sketches on the black-board can be purchased of Savage & Ottinger—or elsewhere.

You may re-*lie* on this report.

BY JINGO

PLEASE FORWARD AT ONCE.—Such of our subscribers, whose subscriptions are now due, are requested to forward the pay at once, as we need it. The present great dearth of means has kept back so much of the pay due to us that scarcely one subscription in four has yet reached us. We blame no one for this, but we ask all to remember that our expenses are very great and that every little helps.

Such of our friends as have PROMISED TO PAY AT CONFERENCE TIME, are requested not to forget their promises, as WE RELY UPON THEM.

"Well, my good fellow," said a victorious general to a brave son of Erin, after a battle, "and what did you do to help us to gain this victory?"—"Do!" replied Mike; "may it please your honor, I walked up bouldly to one of the inimy, and cut off his feet."—"Cut off his feet! and why did you not cut off his head?" asked the general. Ah, an' faith that was off already," replied Mike.

"What's that?" asked Mrs. Partington, looking up at the column of the Place Vendôme, during her late visit to Paris. "The pillar of Napoleon," she was answered.—"Well, I never did!" she exclaimed; "and that's his pillow—he was a great man to use that! But its more like a bolster. And it's made of iron, I do believe. Ah, Isaac, see what it is to be great! How hard his head must have rested on his ironical pillow.

PAT CROWLEY.—'Tis the swate morn of Saint Valentine, Mrs O'Flam—and we ought to be pairing. I've brought ye some of the craythur that'll warm ye as much as the bright stars in your charming face devour me. And I've brought ye some geeses from my bit of a farm. Hark! to the music they make; and better than all—Pat Crowley has brought you his heart—his heart—Mrs O'Flam, and swears by the saint, who taught fond couples to pair, that he cannot do without ye, at all, at all. Consint to be mine.

[Mrs O' Flam cast her eyes on the "*geeses*," and "*consinted!*"]

Our "boy," a new importation, wants to know if the Indians in this country are generally well educated, because he has heard that Washakee is the best red (read) man in the Rocky Mountains.

THE UTAH MAGAZINE.

Intellectual, Social, Political and Theological.

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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1869.

WOMEN AND THEIR "VANITIES."

It is hard for men who do not comprehend a woman's nature to understand the passion for personal adornment which possesses the sex. We call it vanity; it is no such thing. It is pure nature, and a divine nature, too, manifesting itself. Every instinct of woman's being leads her to desire to appear beautiful, she can no more help it than she can help breathing. It is a passion that has been implanted within her as much for man's gratification as her own. To kill it, is not only to crush one half of the life and happiness out of her being but to kill our own. It is a sorrowful fact—no matter whether produced against our will or not—but all conditions of life where women are compelled to wear poor, ill-shaped, or wretched clothing, are depressing to her spirits and destructive of her vitality. These remarks are called forth by the fact that from our earliest youth we have been afflicted with homilies and lectures on the sinfulness of finery and show in woman. On examination, we have come to the conclusion that the difficulty lies in the fact that most of our human teachers are afflicted with an incurable desire to grip human nature by the tail and steer it, instead of allowing it to direct itself.

So it is, anyway, with this subject of women and personal adornment in particular. Men try to crush it in one generation and it comes up like an overwhelming sea in the next. It never has, nor ever will be cured. It will never die out till the passion for love and mating between the sexes expires. It has to be accepted as a great divine outworking in the female bosom, implanted to play its part in producing the life and variety of this state of existence, as well as that of worlds to come.

The great truth concerning this world is, that man, unaided by woman's faculties, cannot make this life as beautiful as it can be made. All the conceptions of all the men that ever lived, put together, would leave a void. There are elements of pleasure—charms of existence which a woman's brain alone can conceive of. Woman can appreciate intensity and depth of spirit and that which is eternal in affection, but she has a more vivid conception of what is necessary in the way of external beauty. She feels, without understanding why, the benefit of colors and forms to our wearied senses; and yet it is not she that loves them, it is great Nature within her that realizes our needs, and seeks to gratify us through her brain. In following her instincts for self-adornment, she but yields to a force, no less than God, working to surround us with beauty and grace.

Why cannot women do without such an eternal change in fashions? asks one. Why not get one good perfect pattern of a bonnet or a dress and stay at that? For about the same reason, we reply, that great grandam Nature cannot be content with one style of face, eyes of one expression, or noses of one cut, but exhibits herself in a thousand shades of variety. There is an echo of this divine passion for change and variety in woman's nature. To be fully happy, she must not only be adorned with what is beautiful or pretty, but she must have constant change. This is no weakness, folly, or vanity; it is a spirit inborn within her organization, calculated for the pleasures of the present life; but the full utility of which will never be seen till in the spheres of eternal beauty in worlds to come; women shall bring this very power and quality to bear in producing a paradise in which the senses will never tire.

We consider, then, that instead of repressing the yearnings of the female heart for objects of decoration, the taste should be cultivated within all reasonable bounds. The wife may indulge these desires, reckless of the anxieties that fill her husband's mind. But this is simply an extreme, and one that should never be argued as a reason why the considerate and loving wife should not be indulged to the fullest legitimate extent. We hold that every husband should cultivate in his wife the love of beauty and variety for his own sake. If poverty binds his hands, let the *desire* still prevail—even if he cannot gratify it as fully as he might wish. He should cherish every manifestation of this womanly nature, down to the simple adornment of a flower in the bosom or a rose in the hair. It is Nature outspeaking what she would have woman look and be.

Of course we look for something in a wife besides attention to external beauty or grace. We need womanly tenderness, motherly love, and wifely devotion,—without these no woman is complete. They are imperishable qualities that never can be replaced by external show; but to our mind, there never will come a time when women will become so good, pure, or loving, that they will be able to afford to dispense with the least outward perfection. In fact, the more truly a woman's mind becomes cultivated—unless it is a mere half cultivation of one side of her nature—the more will she desire to harmonize, not only her appearance, but every external amidst which she moves, with the purity and loveliness that reigns within her being.

We are aware that there are two sides to every subject, and there is an opposite side to this, which every true woman will realize in advance. But we are pleading now the woman's side of the question, and we would plead it on more points than that of personal appearance alone, because everything which brings light into women's eyes and pleasure to their hearts is a bequest to man. Some men go along shutting their hearts against everything a woman needs but the bare utilities of life. They cannot see that food, clothing and shelter are not half what a woman needs. She can exist on these—as thousands do—but she does not live: she is organized to need far more, and will perish from her heart outward, unless she has it. Tens of thousands of poor, petrified women, with scarcely a vestige of the merry girls that were each once the life of home, drag through a miserable existence, because men cannot understand that what they call their follies, are their necessities, their life—the very food upon which they feed. Women were not made simply to bear children, and do man's drudgery, shut up within a weary round of domestic duties, wearing out their pleasureless lives. They can be made to do this; but the husband, even when he cannot fully help it, pays a fearful price in the loss of that brightness and life that should animate his home. He gets a mummy instead of a wife. Women need life, variety, change,—in one word, they need pleasure far more than man. They cannot properly subsist without it. They are made for it more than man. They need attentions, and must have them, or they do not live. Few understand how cheap a woman's pleasures are. A trifling present, a manifestation of thought or affection concerning her, outweighs the value of a kingdom in her estimation. It has to be learned that women have no slight gratifications. The least are immense to them. Of course, they need love more than all. They need not the follies, but thet enderness of courtship

carried along their whole lives. For this, thousands pine and live a daily death. What is a home, clothing, and food to them but the barest mockery of existence without attention and love. It is the element which alone they fully breathe. Neither can they be fully happy, nor reflect half the sunlight, embosomed within their natures, back upon their homes, unless opportunities to gratify their taste for external beauty exist, more or less, around them. There are, of course, exceptions to every rule, but these are important, general truths; and we have no hesitation in saying, that, until men understand these necessities of woman's nature and make a business of gratifying them, they will rob themselves of half their pleasures, stunt their own natures, and kill the life and sweetness of their own homes.

"STEADYING THE ARK."

There are a few people in our Territory who, whenever an independent idea is expressed on any philosophical or theological subject, immediately call out, alarmed, that the speaker or writer in question is "steadying the ark," meaning thereby that such person is trying to dictate the church. As if—whether the speaker's intention was such or not—the action of independent thought could, by any possibility, be dangerous to an imperishable system like ours. It is a fear of having something of this kind said about them that has deterred many a person from expressing conceptions of the truth of which they were assured,—but which did not happen to tally with popular opinion. The existence of such a fear dwarfs and stunts the intellect as well as the spiritual growth of men; and being contrary to "Mormonism" which was offered to us all as a gospel of free thought—and free speech, too—should be broken down.

Why should men, who believe they have a gospel founded on the laws of eternal nature, fear that such an ark should be steadied or jostled? Fancy, the architect of the Temple, with its ten-foot granite walls and its thousand-tonned foundation, getting excited and calling out that somebody was trying to "steady" the Temple; and then fancy a gospel, ancient and imperishable as the fixed stars of eternity, being "steadied" by anybody. Men can have but little faith in the sublime immovability of their gospel who talk this way.

Those who feel in their hearts that they are built on final and unalterable truth, can afford to look calmly on at the wildest effort of free thought, knowing that every new scrutiny will only reveal to the truly intelligent mind a new beauty—a new point of harmony with all other facts. Instead of being alarmed or annoyed, their cry continually is—"steady us if you can." On this point, we feel much as our Delegate, Hooper, expressed himself about the Railroad bringing us to the scrutiny of the world: said he, in effect, "If our system won't bear to be brought face to face with the world, the sooner the miserable thing is broken up the better;" and all proud of their religion will say Amen. But here comes in a curious fact of human nature: the very same men who will say Amen to Bro. Hooper's remarks and who will trumpet to all the world their challenge for scrutiny of "Mormonism," and glory in every outside attack, the moment one of their *own* brethren expresses a thought ahead of their own, will point him out and say—"That's a dangerous kind of thinker—he's trying to steady the ark." And, with a whip of this kind—which, of course, is unsanctioned by the spirit of our divine priesthood—they unintentionally crush free thought out of their brethren's souls.

Our own opinion is that, when we invite men to use free speech and free thought to get into the Church, we should not call upon them, or ourselves, to "kick down the ladder by which they and we, ascended to Mormonism." They should be called upon to think on as before, no matter who has or has not thought in the same direction.

There is one fatal error, however, which possesses the minds of some, and out of which this fear of "steadying the ark" has grown; it is this: that God Almighty *intended the priesthood to do our thinking.* Hence, if you say to such men, "What do you think on such a subject?" they will answer, "I don't know. What does the Priesthood say about it?" This is an extreme of a true doctrine, It is right to respect the priesthood but never to the crushing out of our own individuality. It is folly to suppose that the priesthood requires this. As far as we understand the spirit of that divine priesthood which rules this and all other worlds, it glories in bringing out the individuality of every man to the utmost. Instead of seeking to bring all to one dead level, and regulate all by one brain or twenty, it throws men back on to themselves to learn God there. It says: "Look within; you are a lens in which God is mirrored; His bright reflection is upon you; His voice is within you, speaking." Priesthood is simply an external oganization, instituted for the sake of order, and for the more correct and speedy promulgation of true principles. Its authority is to teach, and help the growth of the individual—not to swallow him up. God has taught more to the individual soul, directly, than he ever has through any external organization He ever instituted. Even when He teaches through the organization, He has to witness it within the soul after all, or it is worthless to the man. Still, it is priesthood that does it even then, for it is the invisible priesthood that is around us—"the spirits of the just made perfect," who whisper to the soul the way, the truth, and the light. But they cannot whisper to him who dares not think, for it is in and through thought alone that they can get at us. They work in harmony with all who truly represent the spirit of the priesthood in this life; and all go on together without discord. Could such fill us with their divine inspirations, their voice would be: "Think freely, and think forever; and above all, never fear that the 'Ark' of everlasting truth can ever be 'steadied' by mortal hand or shaken."

MY SISTER, CHARITY.

BY JOHN LYON.

What a world of thought gleamed from her blue eyes!
So chequered and spangled with glowing light—
Like the gold-tinged clouds of a thousand dyes
That peopled a scene of visions bright;
And the light that sparkled from out each pole,
Around the ball of each lovely star,
Was the fire of heaven, that lightened the soul—
And shone from her father's home afar.

She laughed as she looked beyond earthly space,
In the joyous smile of her infant glee.
As she gazed on the angels, whose fond embrace
She longed to regain, in eternity.
Her eyes were dimmed by the mists of time,
For the veil of earth was yet unriven;
She saw and conversed with those souls sublime,
That she loved and knew, in the courts of heaven.

Her infant innocence gladdened the heart,
That love from the well of affection drew,
But those hopeful tears had a burning smart,
In the mother's eyes, when she sighed adieu—
For her eyes grew dim in their heavenward gaze,
And their motionless light grew cold and dead,
Yet they gazed on, from their marble vase,
Long after the spirit from earth had fled.

Salt Lake City.

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN.

BY EDWARD W. TULLIDGE.

Train is a man of marvelous idiosyncrasies of character. He has thereby puzzled the world. "Where shall we class the man" is the thought of nearly every one who has listened to his great speeches; "where shall we class him" you ask again, after having spent a few hours in private *abandon* with him. He is most extraordinary, unique, is your most sage conclusion; and then you go to sleep to dream about him, more mystified than ever. Yet this mystery is not because he is an unsolvable problem, but for the reason that he is an uncommon one.

The simple truth is—George Francis Train is a man of genius. He is charged with marvelous inspirations. A prophet in his sphere, he is carried along by the torrents of thought and agitation that overwhelm our times. The farcical finds in him its expositions, because the age is more farcical than serious; but the farce is not his. His mimicry is the rebuke. Society is insincere; brother George is earnest; and in his terrible earnestness, he caricatures, not his own metaphysics to make himself palpable, but the great men of his times; he crowds them pictorially into the public mind to force it to realize how infinitesimal they are, and how much of petty quackery there is in the policy of nations. But there is a subtle method in all this, not charlatanism—the capacity of a man mastering exploded policies to give to national administration a new era. Were George Francis Train living in an age terribly earnest like himself, we then should see him simply an earnest prophet of the times gravely propounding to legislators his vast schemes, and interpreting the voices of prophecy which he hears everywhere around him, proclaiming coming events. But the world is practically infidel and will not hear the grand but awful inspirations of races redeemed from slavery, of the women sovereignized, despotic empires or dilapidated monarchies overturned, and virgin republics conceived throughout the earth. In spite of the fact that the black race has been redeemed in an epic war, by the side of which the action of a thousand Iliads would be but as petty squabbles, the unfulfilled part of a Providential programme still seems madness when proclaimed by the Prophet of the Irish nationality—the champion of woman's rights. The earnest heart of the man is pained; and in fierce scorn, he turns back the ridicule by consummate acting. Hence the charlatan,—hence the mountebank. Does he accept the epithets? Not for a moment. Yet he tells you he does, and fools you more abundantly in proving it. But the words of Napoleon at the college of Brienne, when he was stung by the railleries of his proud school-fellows—"Bourrinne, I will do these Frenchmen of thine all the mischief in my power"—would be aptly paraphrased in the mouth of George Francis Train.

One of the prophecies which the man has heard the age utter is that he *shall* be the President of the United States. How wondrously extravagant! That is so. And so it would have been wondrously extravagant in any of the former Presidents, from Greoge Washington to General Grant, had either declared it *prematurely*. But this "prematurely" is a stupid word, meaning nothing touching great events. There is more probability to-day of Train being our next President than there was, before the Revolutionary war, of Washington founding the mightiest republic the world has ever seen, or before the Southern Rebellion, of Grant being in the White House, in 1869. Is the question then one of capacity? Surely Train is equal to Grant. That is practically decided by the present disgust of the nation; for our General-in-Chief has not sufficient capacity even to entertain us. Now over and above the very common capacity needed for a king or a president, Train has his splendid madness; in the possession of which he is the equal of any man living.

It is wondrously extravagant to expect to see Train in the Presidential Chair! I have said it is, and yet he will be there. I repent having written the last part of my sentence, but I am proving a point on paper as George does on his blackboard; for this impulsive affirmative, followed by the fear of having made a fool of one's self in affirming, is what tens of thousands of thinking men will feel, while the million will say ay and not take it back. Train is a philosopher and knows this. And so *he* affirms in his supreme egotism—I *am* going to the White House—I *will* go to the White House—You *shall* see me at the White House; get out of my way, for I am impatient to be in the White House; I will play Napoleon to you all, if you won't let me into the White House. This impresses society, and the man knows it. Yet he says it, not for effect, but because he cannot help saying it. He is a volcano of presidential prophecies concerning himself. It is his policy to let you know his programme, but then he is a mountain of aches to let every hill realize his eminence: so his subtle policy goes hand-in-hand with his simplest necessities, his vast ambitions germinate his noblest inspirations.

This prophecy about himself is to Train the greatest prophecy of the age, for it involves all others. For him, all things were created and all opportunities born. The woman's cause was made for him; and their cause has just come up at this nick of time for his special glory. He is the self-constituted Adam of all the female race—a thousand times greater polygamist than Brigham Young; and the woman's platform is, for the future, morally and socially the uppermost one and the most unique-looking plank ever erected by a political agitator. George Francis also knows this, and he and the ladies share the glee together. The men on that plank at first are few. Train glories in this, because it is his own special track. The ladies need a champion, and it is peculiarly in conformity with their tastes to have a man to champion them. Together they make a very pretty caricature; but they also make a tremendous cause. There is, therefore, self-congratulations between brother George and the fair sisterhood.

Then, there is the Irish race. They also were created a few thousand years ago specially for Train to run them on the track of their new dispensation. Every event up to the present time has been so much preparation, nothing more. Their Prophet will make them believe this or something very like it. Has he a million Irish votes? He says so. And he will verify his words by the constant assertion—"I am the leader of the Irish race." "Get out of my way, for I *am* the leader of the Irish race." First a wondrous extravagance is manifested in the man in his affirming that he *will* be President of the United States; wondrous assumptions ever rapidly follow, and a wondrous audacity maintains them. Ten to one, if he lives, these combinations will make him President of the United States, almost in defiance of America: her *permission* is not asked. Oh, do not think it difficult to reach the Presidential chair. It would be impossible for a man in the street to reach the roof of his house, but there are men who can fly to the moon. George is one of them. Things seemingly distant are closer to genius than things near, for genius is always in the air, while common talent is on the solid ground. Train understands this, for he understands himself. He is flying, not *reaching*. He will get the moon; and the majority will say, by-and-by,—"Confound the fellow, let him have her, for she has her woman's rights in the case, to choose." Grant found the moon in his flight, having been blown up to her from the mouth of the cannon, and

he has been in a cloud ever since. Most likely he will amuse himself by cutting *his* bride up into little stars. Now George is flying after a new one by design, and he is blown up by his own volcanic genius.

Train is a Prophet of new inspirations—not an egotist. Let that be distinctly marked, for it is the correct psychological reading of the man. He hears the prophecies of his mission always and everywhere. He eats with them, drinks with them, goes to bed with them, and gets up with them. He is also one of the very few prophets who have gone about fulfilling his inspirations. And he is ever meeting society with—"You carry Cæsar and his fortunes: Be not afraid, Cæsar is in your boat." The assumptions are like his earnest spirit, immense, but there will be tens of thousands strengthened thereby. A paragraph now upon the solidity of his platform, and then a metaphysical and physical summary upon the man.

In the first place, the woman's cause is the cause of the age, revolution is the method of that age, and republics are the institutions of the future. Not sectional, but universal revolutions are demanded. The very atmosphere is charged with their tremendous combined agencies, the human heart everywhere palpitates with the throbs of the mighty change. There is an awful prophecy abroad; its voices startle every man's ear who is in psychological communion with the times. The burden of the prophecy is—"And I will overturn, overturn, overturn until he comes whose right it is to rule, and I will give it him." George Francis has heard this, and thinks he is the man meant, and so he is, unless some greater man steps forward to lay a mightier claim. There is then a seeming fitness in him to society's necessities. The women most certainly will hold the balance of power, a million Irish votes will back him, and revolution everywhere will need a general leader, Train is incoherent enough for all. Therefore the programme is sound.

Now for his personality: He is the most Napoleonic man of the age; his schemes are not less vast, his ambition equal, his belief in his mission unsurpassed, his will and audacity tremendous. His physique is like a mountain; he is an image-smasher by nature, and a champion of the weak and wronged, because he feels so much his own strength and power to defend. In this, he is a thorough American—he is, in fact, America incarnate—a type of her might, her splendid destiny, and her *egotism*;—the man is of a strange genius. Then he speaks from a battery of inspiration, and he *feels* somebody behind him, though he don't know who it is. He is a wonderful medium, but not a seer; and every inspirational people will find in him a champion, because he *can't* help it, and that is why the women have him in their Train, for women, like the Mormons, are inspirational.

THE SPIRIT IN THE WHOLE BODY.

BY JOHN LYON.

If philosophers and theologians, instead of laying down a theory that the head is the sole workshop and residence of the spirit in man, had established the fact that the spirit occupied the whole body and actuated every member thereof, they would have obviated many seeming contradictions, and given greater scope for their deductions on the capacity and nature of man, as a rational and accountable being.

Phrenology inculcates that all our faculties of reflection, feeling, and propensities are developed in accordance with the bumps on our heads. We do not intend in the forthcoming reflections to dispute this fact, but to show that the whole system of man's organization is actuated by the spirit which is in him, and not confined entirely to the formation enclosed by his skull.

It is affirmed, that the development of language is directly behind the eye; but will the brain give the eye its penetration, its beautiful lustre, its dullness, or its treacherous sneaking look? By no means. The expression of the eye, we should think, is brightened, or downcast in accordance with the pursuits and practices of life, and this must proceed from another source than the development of the organ itself. All these qualities of feature and expression may be seen at differents period in the same pair of eyes. Large eyes are said to indicate artificial language. What we understand by artificial language, is that power of speech which is acquired by imitation. This brings to my recollection the fact that, when at school, all the noisy rascals were large-eyed; but their vociferous disturbances did not proceed from imitation—the birch was the provocation. Their language was anything but imitation of what they had heard at home, or in school. And none of them ever became eminent linguists or orators.

It is the spirit that portrays in the eye the conceptions of hidden thought, which can be expressed without the organs of articulation, the joy, the grief, the knavery or murder, that beams or lurks in this wonderful organ, as it is influenced by passion.

We are taught that there is no brain beneath the ridge of the nose, yet how much of character can be read from a Roman, an aquiline, a straight, a snub, or a pug nose. The cheek bones, the lips, the chin, and the neck, are all proportionally illustrative of character as well as the breast, the body, the arms, the legs, and the feet, [thanks to Lavater!] and are just as significant to illustrate certain kinds of character, as, large bumps of comparison, firmness, or philoprogenitiveness.

And what is still more conclusive, we have found great mental activity in persons who were deformed by accident in their birth, or by misfortunes in after life, who, had their mental powers been dependent on their organization, they never could have become the wonderful prodigies of mental acquirements that they were.

REFLECTIONS ON THE NATURE OF MAN'S FORMATION.

Think for a moment of men bordering on idiocy, being the greatest mathematicians in the world, and *that* by mental calculation, without the use of figures. Think of Byron having less brains than Southey, and then think of the whole character being expressed by the head. There is, also, the sense of feeling, which has the entire body for its development and operates in many ways, without the needful aid of brain assistance. How acute must be the feelings of a person born blind, when taught to read by the touch of his fingers, while running them over letters raised on paper, seemingly with as much ease as another person can read by the use of his eyes.

It is true that the senses of hearing, seeing, tasting and smelling, exercise their powers of sensibility through the organ of the brain; but who will affirm, or who knows that the head is the spirit's dwelling place? These faculties are so situated that they must, of necessity, act through the head to the other parts of the body. It is the highway, so to speak, to the heart, the stomach, and all the nervous system of man. In corroboration of this idea, musicians have been observed, after playing the greater part of an evening and morning, at dancing parties, to play tunes familiar to them with accuracy while sleep had so closed up their senses that they would start when spoken to, as if in a dream.

There was a blind mathematical philospher by the name of Sanderson who could distinguish counterfeit medals, and coin by the touch of his fingers, and who could tell the approach of

a horse at a very great distance by the same faculty. He discovered a horse to be blind by the cautious tread of its feet upon the ground. Here we have figure, distance, and sound, as well as the familiar use of a musical instrument where there was no large development of corresponding phrenological signs—and, in cases where the outer senses were dormant, showing that perception is not confined to the eye, nor sensation to the feeling of touch—all of which proves the existence of a discerning spirit in man, working throughout the whole body.

TO BE CONTINUED.

MURPHY AND MACK'S MINSTREL TROUPE.

The *Daily Telegraph* and the *Evening News* having left us one little subject for criticism on the performances of the Murphy and Mack Minstrel Troupe, we will, in conjunction with our intended notice on the cornet duets performed by Mr. Mark Croxall and Mr. R. W. Kohler on Friday evening, August 26, commence our remarks with the untouched subject, namely, choral *finales* to songs.

Songs and ballads, when brought before the public by some popular and favorite vocalist, either male or female, are sure, not only to make a favorable impression with the audience, but the critic also will catch the inspiration, by the applause tendered to that priest or priestess of song. But in harmonic combinations, notwithstanding the purity of delivering united sounds, little notice is taken of such performances—when there is no melodial introduction—except by the musician, who delights in harmony as well as melody.

As simply constructed songs and ballads are the rage of modern times, we must certainly say that compositions that have a chorus *finale* are preferable to those composed principally for the display of the solo vocalist.

The harmonic *finale*, instead of being detrimental to the solo singer, is the enhancing portion of the song or ballad, and is frequently the cause of an encore, if the chorus is effectually interpreted.

We trust that no one will think, from the above remarks, that we are opposed to the expressive rendering of *cavatinas* and such like composition where the *rouladial* and other ornamental passages are written for the effective display of the vocal *artiste*, as we admire the varieties that music is capable of producing to its votaries; but it is the general non-appreciation of harmony with the mass where our remarks are directed, and we will now say that, in the song-choral branch of the divine art, we are inclined to the belief that Murphy and Mack's minstrel troupe cannot be excelled.

The greatest points of choral perfection are the unity of voices in producing the amalgamative blending varieties of intonation, and a practical use of the *diaphragm* for the full chest and *sotto voce* variations.

Also the method of bringing out with clear distinctness the combinations of direct and inverted harmonies that they might be known by the musician by their preparation and resolution. We noticed the perfection of these points in the rendition of many harmonic varieties contained in the choruses sung by the Murphy and Mack Minstrel troupe. We would also add that the voices were all excellent for the above style of harmonic vocalization; and we must also say that we have rarely met with a more pure and silver-like tone of falsetto than was produced by the alto singer in the choruses.

With these few remarks on the minstrel troupe, we will now refer to the two duets performed on the same evening by Mr. Mark Croxall and Mr. J. H. Kohler on their cornets of Horn's vocal duetto, "I know a bank," and Mendelssohn's composition, "I would that my love."

The part selected by Mr. Croxall at the rehearsal on Friday noon, Aug. 26th, was the one generally sung by the *primo soprano*, and Mr. Kohler took the *mezzo soprano*, for rendition.

This duet of Horn's being composed for the effective display of two principal voices, each of the performers on the cornet were on the same ground, both of them having the same advantage of proving their skill as solo executionists on the above instrument.

After the introductory symphony of eight measures, played by Professor Pratt on the piano-forte, Mr. Kohler opened the duet with a two-bar solo phrase, which he rendered with purity of tone and artistic variety.

The duet then commenced; but, in the first three or four bars, we discovered a nervousness in Mr. Croxall's tone on the cornet. The effect of nervousness is the disturbing *tremolo* in what is termed the vocal chords situated in the throat; which disturbance produces non-purity of tone and volume. With the singer, it is not only injurious to the tone, but it affects the enunciation also. However, Mr. Croxall soon recovered, and the two performers were then equally matched; and then came such breadth, such fullness and blending purity of sound delivered from the two cornets that we have not heard for many years, except at their rehearsal on the same day at the theater.

In the eleventh bar, closing the first division of subject, the double trill was introduced; but in the execution of this grace, we perceived a slight indecision as to the manner of rapidity in their performance of the double shake.

By the way of explanation, we will observe that there are different methods employed by the vocalist and instrumentalist in the execution of the trill or shake: some will commence this grace with extreme rapidity in starting, while others will analyze the trill and produce it slowly and increase with gradual velocity until they arrive at the *demi-semiquaver* quickness. Doubtless it was Mr. Croxall's and Mr. Kohler's non-knowledge of each other's method, and for want of more practice together, that caused the indecision we noticed in their execution of the shake. In fact, much united practice is required before perfection can be obtained in this most difficult ornamental finish.

With the vocalist, this grace is seldom used in the present day, excepting with female voices. The reason why it is not fashionable with male voices is, it takes too lengthened a practice to produce a perfect trill; and in fact the ornament cannot be rendered effective with the male voice; it belongs only to the female, because it is an imitation of the nightingale grace, and can only be imitated by the *soprano*, *mezzo soprano* and *contralto* voices, and such instruments as are smooth in tone.

In returning to the subject of the duet, we will observe that at the opening of the second division, the parts are inverted, and Mr. Kohler took the highest one, according to the inversion. It was evident that, when he caught up the melody, the musician was aroused within him; the occasional carelessness which we have noticed was thrown aside; he was matched with a player that put him on his mettle, and his reputation was at stake, and he was alive to the necessity of being the *artiste*, and then his tones were excellent; in fact, both performers were warmed up, and they gave us a most effective variety of intonation, and also a most spirited and truthful interpretation of passages contained in this division of subject, and again closed with the double trill.

This time, the shake was more equal and distinct: there was more care exhibited by both performers and a more perfect intonation was produced by them; and they also watched

each other's rapidity of executing this much varied ornament; and success was the result.

The third division opens with solos containing four measures in each and placed in the form of question and answer. This method of constructing the sections in the composition gave both *artistes* an opportunity of displaying their skill in expression, and varied coloring in the under and full chest intoning. This was a careful bit of friendly competition; each of the *artistes* striving to give full effect to the interpretation of the composition. The friendly trial produced a decided success, neither of them bearing off the palm of superiority, both aiming to render perfect the beautiful phrasing of the composer in this division.

The dancing triplets which followed in the last division of the duet, were gracefully and equally delivered in tone and in time; and the closing six-bar *accelerando*, was most energetically and effectively brought out; and considering the disadvantage of non-practice together—and that with Mr. Croxall it was almost at first sight, having only ran it through twice—we must in honesty say it was a fine rendering by both performers; and we were pleased to find that it elicited from the audience an enthusiastic—and we believe they considered it a well deserved—encore.

The duet that followed the encore was one of Mendelssohn's divine compositions called—"I would that my love." In this duet, Mr. Kohler took the principal subject, and here his fine-tone upper notes were heard with great effect. In changing the parts, Mr. Croxall took the *mezzo* or under one throughout the duet. There was no moving from one part to the other for display of the two registers of notes. But notwithstanding this change from the *primo* to the *mezzo* arrangement, it did not lessen the quality or purity of Mr. Croxall's tone on the cornet. This gentleman's method of practice is to render the lower tones equal to the higher ones, therefore, the change, as we have observed, did not lessen the effect of his delivery.

In this composition the performers had to vary their style of playing. There were no light tripping passages, or florid points of execution to display their skill in this line of rendering; but there were many effective and changing phrases of expressive beauty to bring out. There was a fine opportunity also opened to both *artistes* to display the under and full chest intonation on their instruments. There were also the advantages of the *decrescendo* and *crescendo* notes to render effective, and in all these points the performers were well up, and throughout the whole of this beautiful composition, the rendition was satisfactory to the learned, as well as the unlearned, in the divine art of music.

It must be remembered that it was no little trial to place Mr. Croxall—whose daily avocation prevents him from professional practice—by the side of such an *artiste* as Mr. Kohler, who, we well remember to have held the position as the principal cornet soloist at the Theatre Royal and Amphitheatre, Liverpool, England, where a first class band of professionals was employed. And to be enabled to draw a favorable comparison of Mr. Croxall's performance on the cornet, with Mr. Kohler, is a credit to our city; and we are pleased to have such an *artiste* residing among us.

We must not omit to mention the easy and watching method of Professor Pratt's accompaniment on the pianoforte, which added much effect to the rendering of *both compositions*.

In our next review of music by local talent, we intend to speak of the performance of our Orchestra at the Theatre.

The interpretations of the overture and other pieces played by the band on the reöpening night, deserve honorable mention. In our next we will be more explicit. The want of space is the reason of its omission in this number.

DAILY LIFE OF NAPOLEON AND EUGENIE.

Perhaps our readers may be curious on the subject of the Imperial manner of life when staying at Fontainebleau. The Emperor rises very early, as indeed is his habit everywhere. By eight o'clock he has got through a certain amount of governmental business, and settled more than one important affair. It is only after occupying himself with these State matters that he retires to inspect his flowers, he is extremely fond of his plants, and waters them himself. The empress is not so matutinal; she seldom rises until half-past seven. It is well known that at Fontainebleau her majesty occupies Marie Antoinette's apartments, where she is surrounded by many of the belongings of that unfortunate queen. Her bed, which is gilded, at one time belonged to Mme. Dubarry, afterward the Dauphine had it, and retained it after she became Queen, and ultimately it was removed to Fontainebleau, where it remains stationary. At 11 o'clock the Emperor and Empress breakfast; when their majesties are at the Tuilleries, they are usually *tete a tete*, but at Fontainebleau all the household join in the breakfast table. When the repast is concluded, the Emperor takes a turn or two in the garden, and then return to his study for hard work. The Council of Ministers who assemble in Paris at one o'clock, do not meet at Fontainebleau until 4 o'clock. At 7 o'clock, dinner is announced; the household assemble at it, and generally some guests are invited from Paris. Dinner over, the company meet again in the Empress' department after a stroll in the park. The Emperor retires early, between 9½ and 10, but the Empress rarely bids good night before 11.

BEAUTIFUL FIGURE.

Two painters were employed to fresco the walls of a magnificent cathedral; both stood on a rude scaffolding constructed for the purpose, some eighty feet from the floor. One of them was so intent upon his work that he became wholly absorbed, and in admiration stood off from the picture, gazing with delight. Forgetting where he was, he moved backward slowly, surveying critically the work of his pencil, until he had neared the end of the plank upon which he stood. At this critical moment, his companion turned suddenly, and, almost frozen with terror, beheld his great peril. Another instant and the enthusiast would be precipitated upon the pavement beneath. If he spoke to him, it was certain death; if he held his peace, death was equally sure. Suddenly he regained his presence of mind, and seizing a wet brush, flung it against the wall, spattering the beautiful picture with unsightly blotches of coloring. The painter flew forward and turned upon his friend with fierce imprecations, but, startled at his ghastly face, he listened to the recital of danger, looked over the space below, and, with tears of gratitude, blessed the hand that saved him.

LUNET.

BY A DALRYMPLE.

Oh the grave, the grave, oh who can tell
How many loved ones in thy bosom dwell?
Thou hast one, at least, I can't forget,
My darling bright-eyed sweet Lunet.

Lovely while living, fair and bright,
In death, still lovely robed in white,
Her cold lips I kissed, can I forget
My darling bright-eyed sweet Lunet.

Around my heart she'd fondly flung
Affection's cords while yet so young;
So dear to me, I called her pet,
My darling bright-eyed sweet Lunet.

TERESE, THE HEBREW MAIDEN;
OR,
NOT ALL DROSS.

BY EDWARD W. TULLIDGE.

CHAPTER LX.

A WOMAN'S PLAN.

For the space of an hour the Spanish woman lay upon her bed, convulsed. Her grief, her jealousy, her ecstasies of revenge were followed by agonies of despair. The belief, which now possessed her, that Farinelli had murdered Walter Templar, to bring Terese at last to his arms, was torture, for, to her mind, insane with the one great passion, that seemed possible. Walter gone for ever, time, and the persistency of Farinelli's love, would conquer the Jewess at last. Many such cases had been, and why not this another? In her distraction she even doubted Terese. Yet her resolve to betray Farinelli was agony. For a moment she would relent, and prefer to see him triumph and herself forsaken, but at the next moment she would return to her fearful vow made in Rome —"Mine in life or in death."

At length Clara Garcia arose, having subsided to a calmness like that which succeeds the thunder-storm after its first expressions of fury, leaving nature doubtful whether or not a second burst more terrific than the first, would follow.

"I will save him," she said in this mood of frightful calmness; "I will *save*, not betray him; but I will save him upon one condition only."

The Spanish woman wiped her tears away impatiently, bathed her face and dressed to go out, after which she ordered her carriage.

"Yes, I will save him upon the condition that he will fly with me to Italy. But if not—well, never mind, that will come too soon if he refuses. Death to us both—Oh death to us both!"

"Shall I drive to the Park to-day?" inquired the coachman, as Donna Garcia stepped into her carriage.

"No; to Sir Richard Courtney's, No. 10 Grosvenor Square, haste, for I have an appointment there." And away flew the carriage to Sir Richard's house in Grosvenor Square.

Donna Clara found the family of the Courtney's at home, and in consultation with Sir Richard Brine, the most acute and indefatigable magistrate of the city, and chief of the London detective force. There were present also Farinelli and Judah Nathans. Terese now formed a part of Courtney's household, for since the disappearance of her son, Lady Templar in her affliction, cleaved unto the Hebrew Maiden as a sacred relic. Moreover, Terese's faith that Walter was still living, was now almost the only consolation left to the family. Donna Clara, therefore, though not particularly intimate with the Courtney's, visited Terese as at her own house, and received a cordial welcome. Farinelli was staying with Judah Nathans, but the *prima-donna* had not been wrong in expecting to find him at Sir Richard Courtney's

"Signorina Terese, you must pardon me for intruding upon you in your afflictions," observed Donna Garcia, "but I could not leave England for Italy without calling to bid you adieu."

"What, do you leave England so soon? I am very sorry for that" returned our heroine.

"Yes; I have received a most princely offer from the management at Rome to engage me for a year. Ha! Farinelli; you here? That is fortunate."

The foster-brother, who had been in conversation with Sir Richard Brine, came forward to speak to the lady, who pretended not to have noticed him before, though her eye had singled him out in deep conversation with Brine as soon as she entered.

"Clara!" Farinelli said aside as he shook her by the hand. "I pray you forgive me for not calling upon you since my return to London. This sad affair, and my own implication in it, have entirely absorbed my thoughts day and night."

The Spanish woman regarded him with a tender eye and a yearning heart, for the familiar name of "Clara" from him touched her, and in a moment made her disposed to doubt everybody rather than him.

"Farinelli, I must speak to you alone, this very night! I have that to say which must not even be whispered into any ear but yours. Where can we speak alone and without mistrust. I must tell you all, for this I came here to-day, and not to see *her*. Your very life is concerned."

"Why, Clara, what is it that so agitates you?"

"Not another word, Farinelli, here. The eyes of that man are upon us. Who is he?"

"Sir Richard Brine, the great mover of the detective force of England."

"Ah! avoid him, Farinelli, avoid him!" she said with a shudder, and then joining our heroine again added carlessly.

"Terese, I was just informing your foster-brother of the brilliant offer which I have received from Rome, and my intentions to accept the engagement and return at once to my sunny Italy. This foggy land kills the *artiste*. Three months singing in England destroys the voice for a year. I have not sung once to my own satisfaction since I have been in London, and I am sure the public is never satisfied when the singer is not."

"And yet the public is satisfied with Donna Garcia's wonderful vocal powers—more, that same public not longer ago than last night was carried beyond itself with admiration—for a London public is coldly critical—and to-day, lady, you are the theme of the papers as much as my friend Signor Farinelli."

It was Sir Richard Brine who spoke. He had marked the eagerness of her conversation with the foster-brother, and her sudden change of manner, and now her observation that she was about to leave England for Italy, at a time when London was taken by storm with her singing, was another item to note. Not that Sir Richard Brine suspected anything, but it was his professional business to observe all, note all, unravel complications, and, from apparent disconnections, trace out wonderful conclusions. Hence he had made one of his hazardous connections between the public talk about Donna Clara's singing and Farinelli's peculiar relations with the great Templar case without any special intention, yet not without some general method. Indeed, this method, of leaping from a striking circumstance to some other, seemingly very remote from it, Sir Richard Brine had found more than once to lead him to the identical clue, after which he had been diligently searching. He had often found, moreover, that the closest connections turned up appearing to the superficial eye the farthest apart. This, in criminal cases, where parties designingly place their connections at a distance to escape detection, he had also found to hold good especially. Hence, his peculiar method.

Donna Garcia saw in a moment that she had no mean person to match herself against in Sir Richard Brine, and she also realized how difficult it would be, even for Farinelli to leave England with her, providing he consented. Yet, that very increase of the sense of his danger made her more resolved to rescue him, if he only consented. The subtility of a woman's heart and brain, in protecting the one she loves, will, however, more than match the subtility of the detective, and so Donna Garcia felt herself a match for Sir Richard Brine. But boldness and originality were required, as well as subtilty; yet her plan was arranged during the conversation, which followed, and which she herself drew out concerning the speculation of the press upon Farinelli. Her policy was not to appear timid: and so she made a sudden charge upon the Director of the London detective force.

"I see you have Farinelli completely caged in London—absolutely prisoned!"

"Not so, lady. I must protest against your view."

"But I say yes, Sir Richard Brine; and I am more than ever resolved to fly from England."

"Donna Garcia has the world for her wings. England is to her no prison."

"Nor shall it be to Farinelli. He flies with me to Rome."

"Indeed, lady?"

"And, indeed, Sir Richard Brine! I have promised my hand to him in marriage" said the lady, boldly, lying to save him.

"I was not aware of that, Donna Garcia" observed Brine, somewhat embarrassed, for he was thus abruptly brought face to face with a case which he was inclined to grapple with, but knew not how, from its delicacy intrenched by boldness.

"Yes, indeed, Sir Richard! And as for your being aware that I had promised my hand in marriage to Farinelli on his return to London, that is not marvelous, nor would you now know it, but that I leave for Rome and am resolved on Farinelli's going with me—to escape *you*, Sir Richard Brine—to escape *you*, I say."

"Donna Garcia, you are unanswerable, and yet it certainly would *not* be wise for Signor Farinelli to leave England just at present. I grant, however, a justification for your anxiety, and also for this somewhat uncommon announcement."

"Do you hold my affianced husband a prisoner, Sir Richard?"

"No."

"Is he not, then, free to accompany me to Rome?"

"Friend Brine" observed Courtney, at this point, "I believe we have no right to interfere in this case. Farinelli is as free as ourselves. Not one of my family has the least doubts touching him. Nor has Mr. Nathans."

"None at all, I assure you," was the prompt reply of Judah.

"My niece told me before the disappearance of Sir Walter Templar of her anticipation of a union between her foster-brother and friend; and, from my knowledge, there has been no concertation between the lovers since the sad affair, which has occupied his attention."

"Well, well, gentlemen" observed Brine, "I am not authorized to interrupt our friend's departure from England under the very peculiar circumstances. So happiness and long life to the bride and bridegroom."

"God grant it!" responded Sir Richard Courtney.

Terese arose and kissed Donna Garcia. She understood the motive which had prompted her to her course, that afternoon, as indeed did all present; for, as we have seen the Spanish woman in her bold effort to save Farinelli, had not attempted to hide her motive. Sir Richard Brine was especially alive to this; and he experienced a professional admiration for the woman who could play such an original and determined part to get her lover out of his difficulties. He did not, however, think that Farinelli was guilty of any wrong, though he confessed to himself that he was much involved in complications from which a woman's wit had just rescued him. All things considered, now Donna Garcia had matched him, the director of the detectives was almost as much pleased as the Courtney family to find a legitimate excuse to allow Farinelli to leave England, for more than once he had felt it his duty to order his arrest. Nothing but his own conviction, backed by the confidence of the Courtneys, touching the foster-brother's innocence, had kept the detective from making that arrest. For the present, Farinelli was saved—not betrayed—by Clara Garcia.

CHAPTER LXI.

THE HIDDEN WITNESS.

The evening shadows were falling in the library of Sir Richard Courtney, and the room altogether possessed a certain gloomy tone. Courtney was, as we know, much of a recluse, and in his sanctum he kept up an antique state which would have well become his ancestors, but the rest of his house was modern enough. Since the disappearance of his nephew, his library had been a deserted place, for he found no pleasure now in meditation, but spent much of his time with Sir Richard Brine or his agents in endeavoring to discover the mystery of Walter's fate. The director of the detective force stealthily entered the library of his friend and closed the door softly after him.

"Strange that Farinelli appointed the library for an interview," mused Brine. "A tender conversation might have passed between them in any part of the house without intrusion. A love gossip would not have interested me, and after the announcement this afternoon, every person would have been good-naturedly disposed to have left the lovers together. This interview has a mysterious import. It is no love gossip. I must find out what it is. Ha! I can conceal myself in this closet."

Though Sir Richard Brine had given permission for Farinelli to leave London for Italy, his professional instincts had been quick to take a new suspicion. He had marked the agitation of Donna Clara, in her first regards of himself, when conversing for a moment with her lover, but her subsequent boldness had thrown him off the track, but no sooner had the Spanish woman won her point than he observed the same troubled manner, when she exchanged words with Farinelli. His quick ear had caught the words, "In the library," and he concluded at once that there was to be an interview of mysterious import. As he felt himself, under the circumstances, responsible for Farinelli, having given him his permission to leave England, he resolved to fathom the present mystery.

"Ha! here they come," he said after he had waited for about five minutes, "and now to hide in this closet. If it is nothing but love nonsense I shall be sufficiently punished for my mistrust."

Sir Richard Brine, with a wry face, jammed himself into the little closet among Courtney's manuscripts, just in time to escape the watchful eye of Donna Garcia, who entered the library with the foster-brother.

"Are you certain, Farinelli, quite certain, beyond the possibility of a doubt, that no one can overhear us?"

"Yes, Clara; but what is the meaning of your singular conduct? Do not be offended, I endorse all you have done, for your design has been evident to all—it was to save me from the danger which I know surrounds me. But I cannot consent just now to leave England, though from this day the public shall know that you are my affianced bride."

"No, no, Beppo, you must not stay in England. You will let me call you by the familiar name that your foster-sister gives you?"

"Yes, Clara. Henceforth I will be Beppo to you. And now let us talk calmly of our own affairs, while the family are dining, for our absence will be excused. We have potent pleas, dear Clara," he added with a smile, throwing his arm around her, and imprinting on her lips the first kiss.

It was the first love-kiss that Farinelli had, in all his life bestowed upon a woman. He had, in other days, when Terese was a girl, often kissed her with a timid reverence when she had held up to him her inviting cheek. But this was really his first love-kiss. The Spanish woman, in her passionate devotion, had at length won his heart, which, though it still held Terese as its deity, now took to itself Clara Garcia as its companion. He had himself suffered too much to be pitiless, and, as observed, the devotion of the woman had won him.

For a minute or two the lovers, as we shall now deem them, were locked in each other's embrace, and passionate kisses were exchanged between them. Clara Garcia, in her delirium of joy, forgot her lover's danger—forgot everything in the world that was not compressed into that ecstatic moment. There was, however, one near whose state of mind was anything but pleasant. That one was Sir Richard Brine. He was cursing himself for his suspicions and calculating on an hour's most unpleasant position in the closet, but he had not long to wait for a theme to interest him.

"But, dear Beppo," said the lady, recollecting her lover's danger, and disengaging herself from his embrace, "I had forgotten, in my joy, the terrible subject for which I came to see you to-day and which induced me to take my bold and somewhat unwomanly step."

"Tut, tut, never mind it now, Clara."

"Oh, Beppo, did you but know the secret which has been breathed into my ears you would not say so."

"Well, what is it, Clara? It can not be so dreadful if it concerns me, for I have none."

"It concerns the disappearance of Sir Walter Templar."

"Walter's disappearance and fate! Then it does concern me deeply. What terrible secret have you learned, Clara?"

Sir Richard Brine, in the closet, was repenting his impatience, for he too was now concerned.

"Beppo, I would not be overheard for the world. Go and see if there be any one near the door."

She was obeyed.

"There is something uncommon here," thought the director of the detective force. In a moment Farinelli returned, and Brine threw all his sense into hearing.

"Well, Clara, what is it you have to reveal? There is none to overhear."

"Orsini was with me to-day, Beppo, and he insinuated against you suspicions of foul play towards Sir Walter Templar, and twitted me with what the papers say."

"Bah!" thought Sir Richard Brine, relaxing again, "that Orsini is a fool."

"He spoke to me of the motive," continued the lady, "and asked me what the judges of England would think if they knew of your mad love of old for Terese."

"Ha!" exclaimed the listener, nearly betraying his presence.

"Was that you who spoke Beppo?"

"I think so, Clara. You startled me. True this is known to Sir Richard Courtney's family, but did Brine know it, he would arrest me."

"For a moment, Beppo, I had the best of Orsini, and treated him as a designing villain. I told him a secret concerning himself, that of his duel with Sir Walter in Italy, and of his malicious purpose to kill his antagonist. Baglioni had informed me of this, and the Marquis is more than half resolved to bring about the arrest of Orsini."

"I will have my hand upon Count Orsini to-night," thought Brine.

"When I told Orsini of the Marquis' intention, he reflected deeply, and then he committed to me the terrible secret concerning yourself as he pretended for self-protection. Oh, Beppo, it touches your own life, for if known, nothing could save you in England against the charge of murder."

"What did Orsini say? Clara, I must know all, though I guess it too well."

"He said, that on that same night of the duel, you in your mad jealousy, attempted to assassinate Sir Walter Templar. You struck him, but was yourself overpowered and wounded. This is the terrible secret that even Templar knew not, and which did Courtney know, even he would not shield you. Ha! What was that, Beppo."

"'Tis but your own agitation. Still I also fancied I heard a noise like papers falling. Yes, there they are on the floor, they fell from this table I suppose. But Clara, tell me you do not think me guilty of murdering Sir Walter?"

Oh Beppo, Beppo, I know not what to think, nor do I care for aught only to know that you love me, and to save you. Promise me. Oh promise me that you will fly from England with me."

"Too late!" thought Sir Richard Brine.

"I will fly with you, Clara!" said Farinelli.

"Then all will be well—then all will be well, dear Beppo, But tell me—one word will answer,—Are you innocent?"

"Yes! On my soul's salvation, I have not harmed Sir Walter Templar, though I did once strike at his life."

"I wish he had not made that confession if he be innocent," mused Brine.

"Clara, we will be married to-morrow, by special license, and start the next day for Italy," observed Farinelli after a few minutes deep reflection. "Our step must be taken before Orsini has time to move. You must keep up the pretense of a pressing engagement at Rome, and that will give the excuse of our sudden marriage. A day's delay might throw me into Newgate jail, and then God only knows what would be my fate. And now let us return to the company, not to excite suspicion.

As soon as the lovers had left the library, Sir Richard Brine came forth from his hiding place. A minute later he was standing on the step of the front door beckoning to a man on the opposite side of the street, who was dressed as a common porter. The man came to him immediately.

"Sergeant Murphy, arrest Count Orsini and bring him here within an hour. You will find him either at his hotel or at the Italian Club."

"Very good, Sir Richard. On what charge?"

"Never mind the charge. Stay, here is my warrant, should there be any difficulty."

And the chief of the detectives wrote the warrant on a little stand in the passage and handed it to his subordinate.

"All right, Sir Richard."

"Let there be the utmost secrecy Murphy."

"In an hour your honor may expect us." "Good," said his chief as he turned and entered the house to continue his night's work.

CHAPTER LXII.

CHARGED WITH MURDER.

The hour had passed for the return of the Bow-street officer with Orsini. Sir Richard had just looked at his gold repeater, and found that it was five minutes beyond the time. Suddenly, a sharp knock and ringing at the front door, told of success, and he collected himself to arrange the surprises of the evening.

"Count Orsini" announced the Bow-street officer.

"Orsini!" exclaimed Clara Garcia, in alarm.

"Orsini!" echoed Farinelli in surprise, while the rest of the company arose, prepared for some strange *denouement*.

"Sir Richard Courtney, why am I brought hither?" began Count Orsini haughtily. "And by whose authority?"

"I will answer that question, Count," replied Sir Richard Brine. "You are brought here for my purpose, and by my authority."

"And who, sir, are you, that you have dared this outrage?" said the Italian.

"My name, Count, is Richard Brine, not unknown to the criminals of England. I have commanded your arrest. Are you satisfied?"

"If you are Sir Richard Brine, then I am satisfied of your authority, but not with your action. Why am I arrested?"

"To make certain statements in relation to the disappearance and probable murder of Sir Walter Templar. Gentlemen, out of consideration to this family, as well as to Count Orsini, I have arranged for a private examination here. Count, do you accept the proposition, or shall I proceed to extremes with you?"

"Sir Richard Brine," answered Orsini, "I am prepared to make any statement in my possession concerning Sir Walter Templar's disappearance, for I prefer a private explanation rather than a public charge."

"Ladies and gentlemen, be seated," observed Brine, "we form a private court. Remember, Count Orsini, you are about to make statements which may be reproduced at a public trial. Mr. Nathans, will you oblige me by taking down the deposition. Now, Count, answer me, firstly—Did you fight a duel with Sir Walter Templar in Italy?"

"I did" was the reply.

"Have you not recently been charged with malice, in the case touching a deliberate design before said duel, against Sir Walter's life, accompanied by a suspicion that you have continued that design in England and murdered him."

"I have been so charged, Sir Richard," the Italian frankly replied, for he understood, by these questions, that he had been brought there to testify against Farinelli, and supposed that Donna Clara had set the officer on the track, while she imagined that the Marquis Baglioni had laid the charge. In another instant, the company, with the exception of Orsini and his examiner, were astonished and alarmed.

"Will you state, Count Orsini, your counter charge made to Donna Clara Garcia, to the effect that Sir Walter Templar has been murdered by Signor Farinelli, and you had reasons for believing so."

"It is not true, Sir Richard Brine; he made no such charge to me," protested the lady in distraction, but the officer noticed her not.

"Will you, Count Orsini, inform us of the circumstances of an attempt, in Italy, on the night of your duel, made by Signor Farinelli to assassinate Sir Walter Templar?"

"Oh, that cannot be! My foster-brother never did design so wicked a thing," exclaimed Terese, in bewildered terror.

"And yet, lady, it was your promised husband who nearly killed your foster-brother, without knowing who it was that had assailed him," put in Orsini.

"Oh! Beppo, Beppo, what have you done?" wailed Terese.

"Sir Richard Brine," began Farinelli, his face pale as that of death, his heart heavy, but his voice and purpose firm, "Sir Richard, I implore you to let the statement come from my own lips and not from that man, who, I am assured, is conspiring against my life."

"Not a word, not a word, my friend," broke in Judah Nathans. "Let Count Orsini show his hand. There is conspiracy here."

Orsini then made his statement, after which, Sir Richard Brine informed him that he was at liberty to go, but for the present Murphy would attend him in the capacity of a servant.

As soon as the Italian nobleman was gone, Sir Richard Brine said—"Signor Farinelli, you know, as do also Sir Richard Courtney, and Mr. Nathans, that the press has already reproached me for not arresting you, and Donna Garcia, to-day, threw upon me the responsibility of consenting to your flight from England. I afterwards heard you make an appointment with her for an interview in the library. I was struck with the mystery to-day, and resolved to be a concealed witness of that interview: I overheard all, with your avowal of innocence in the present case; but also your confession of the attempt in Italy, to assassinate Sir Walter Templar."

"Then, I am lost; but I am innocent of this last dreadful charge."

"I am sorry for you, Signor," replied Sir Richard Brine; "but I am compelled to arrest you. I could do no less, were you my own brother. After Orsini's statement, which he had of his own accord designed to make, this affair must come to a public trial. Had you escaped, all the blame would have been thrown upon me."

"Farinelli is innocent, Sir Richard; believe me," here observed Judah, "and I am moreover convinced that Orsini has not only conspired against my friend, but that he was one of the mysterious horsemen."

"Such are my own suspicions, Mr. Nathans," replied the chief of the detectives; but who is the other?"

"Sir Herbert Blakely."

"But he is in Italy."

"I am not certain of that, sir. That is a problem which I will solve. For the sake of my dead master, his father, I would not have hunted him down; but now, that the life of Farinelli is in danger, I will unravel all. To-morrow, I start for Italy."

"That is well, Mr. Nathans. The criminals must be found, or your friend cannot be saved from a trial on the charge of murder. Our private thoughts are as nothing in the case. The public will demand a trial, and a jury must decide upon the overwhelming circumstantial evidence, now heaped upon our friend."

Terese Ben Ammon was in great distress. She protested against the charge; declared her belief in her foster-brother's innocence; asserted her conviction that Walter was living: and implored Sir Richard Brine to allow her foster-brother to fly to Italy. But to this, Brine would not listen. Moreover, Courtney agreed with the necessity of arresting Farinelli. He was a strict conformer to the law, and he was compelled to confess to himself that the evidence of circumstances was overwhelming against the foster-brother. So that night, Farinelli was borne to prison on the dreadful charge of murder. The shrieks of Clara Garcia rang through the house when her lover tore himself from her arms; and for hours afterwards, her fits of hysterics agitated the afflicted family. Terese Ben Ammon remained with her friend all through that long dreadful night on which her foster-brother was borne to prison on the charge of the murder of Walter Templar.

CHAPTER LXIII.

A DARK DUNGEON: WAS IT A VISION?

Alone in his dungeon; alone in that dungeon with his tiny flickering lamp which threw a visible darkness around him. Such had been the monotony of Sir Walter Templar's existence for nearly a month since his encounter with Blakely and Orsini. He was still chained to the stone floor, the chain being just long enough to enable him to reach his heap of straw on one side of the dark cell, and the rude table on the other. He could also reach the iron-grated window for the basket of food and oil, which was daily passed into him from the outside by his jailor.

At first, Walter was gratified that his enemy left him alone in his dungeon wrapped in his haughty solitude;—alone in his dungeon with his tiny flickering lamp which enveloped him in a mystic darkness, such as a poet might imagine some archangel's eye had pierced when roaming in regions profound of infinite space, where God had not yet created His glorious lights. The sublimity of Walter's mind appreciated this awful state of darkness, visible and massive dreams of God and infinitude brooded over him. He remembered the prophecy of Alice, before her death, of the night which would come in his life just before the day, and her promise that she would be near. This fascinated him, and he was brought into a grandeur of poetic thought which would have given subject for such a poem as the blind poet Milton dictated when he was roaming in the profounds of space, before the worlds were created with only the lamp of his own great intellect to guide him. It was then that Walter also brought to his aid his inspirations of song, and he thought of the time when the sons of God shouted for joy and the Morning Stars sang together at the prospect of the creation of the great lights and the tiny earth. The tiny earth was lost to him, but the great lights were in his vision, and then he would fill his dungeon with such sublime strains of vocal music that a Handel, a Hadyn or a Beethoven might with rapture have come down to catch. Where divine songs are sung, angels gather to listen, where the music of the spheres are improvised from a raptured soul, the Gods of music come down to worship. This ecstatic state of our hero lasted for about two weeks, and then his faith began to die. Next he felt that it would be a blessing to see even the face of his enemy, a delightful sound to listen to the insolent taunts from that enemy's discordant voice. His own voice became hateful to him,—its glorious music like the mockings of his dungeon's demons for his own voice and its echoes in that living sepulcher were all that reached his ear. For a week he was silent, but the burden of his thought bowed him to the earth—literally it bowed him to the earth; for several days and nights, he rose not from his heap of straw. This dreadful, everlasting silence and this vast loneliness within his dungeon walls, became intolerable. His proud spirit was awed and humbled. When George, his jailor, came one day, he flew from his bed of straw and spoke to him through the iron grating. He saw not his face, for the window was above his head, and his chain would not have let him climb, had he attempted. George was surly and would not answer. Walter implored him to speak, but still he answered not. He offered half his wealth for liberty, but no reply saluted his ear. He heard his jailor's footsteps die away in the distant passage, and then the awful thunder of the great outer gate of iron, as it closed, seeming to shake his dungeon. He returned to his heap of straw and throwing himself upon it, he wept;—that strong, proud man wept like a child.

Walter had ceased to pray as well as to sing. The soul cannot forever bear its own immensities. If the Heavens speak not their answer in some providence, the prayer in the mortal's heart expires; if there be no God and no ministering angel to listen, the theme of praise never ascends, and where it ascends not, there is no God or angel present; for the divine presence charms the soul to praise.

On the night of Farinelli's arrest for murder, Walter was sitting by his rude table. He knew not whether it was day or night, for the everlasting darkness visible told him nothing of day or night. He had his watch, but that also told him nothing whether it was the sun or the moon or the stars which where shining. He had ceased to count the hours and believed that he had been in his dungeon six months instead of nearly one. The hand of his watch pointed to the hour of twelve, but whether of day or night he could not tell. He was more at peace, and fancied it might be the midnight hour of peace and spirit solemnities. There came over him a mystic drowsiness, but seemingly not of sleep for senses were awaking within him which had never awakened thus before. Whether quite in the body or going out of the body he could not tell. Was it a state of death or of life, he could not determine, his dungeon had vanished, he was alone palpable.

Suddenly a personage of light floated in the air. It came from a distance and slightly descending, but not as though it had been far above. At first, there was a bluish dimness in the penciling of the figure, but the light around was brighter. Did the spirit presence experience more difficulty in bringing in its own identity than it did its surrounding influences? He could not say, but the question started in his thought. But after a few minutes, as it seemed to him, the personage grew more luminous, increasing its brilliancy from the head and gradually, not suddenly, creating its form downwards. At length, the figure of light was formed to the feet, and then the halo around seemed to give the lesser, not the greater light, forming now the sphere in which the personage moved. Walter knew his angelic minister. It was Alice, his Spirit Bride. She approached him, but was still in the distance, yet within the limits of his dungeon.

"Alice, my bride of heaven!"

"Walter, my husband, I am here!"

Such were the greeting of the mortal and the immortal, and then the spirit-bride continued—

"Walter, my beloved one, I have been trying to reach you from my spirit home, but until now, I could not break the veil."

"Are you so far away, then, Alice, my wife?"

"No, Walter, I am near to you; but you are not so near to me. I see you, hear you, but you cannot so well see, and hear me."

"You said you were going only just above me."

"I am, Walter, only just above you," replied the vision.

"How is it, then, Alice, that you have not come till now?"

"Because, my husband, you could not come to me. I have been with you nearly all the time, and all the time since you have been in this dungeon."

"Yet, I have not seen you, Alice, nor heard, nor felt you."

"Yes, my husband, you have felt me, but not heard, nor seen till now. I consoled your spirit sympathies until you gave away to despair. I listened to your singing, and it filled me with its echoes till I felt myself your song. I was very near you then, and thought every moment you would come up to see my face and hear my voice."

"What hindered me, Alice?"

"The darkness of despair, Walter, which took you almost out of my presence. Oh, then, I grieved indeed, my husband; but I found my grief brought me near you again. I toiled and toiled down to your state, until your dungeon became as palpable almost to me as to you. I have come to take you up by consolation and to let you see that I *am* near. I have thrown my spirit into you to-night, and I have reached you, not by coming from a distance as it has appeared, but by coming *out* of you. Do you understand?"

"I think I do, Alice, You have taken me partly out of myself to be with you,—to hear and see you."

"Yes, Walter, that is it."

"Will you leave me again, Alice?"

"No, my husband. I shall be with you all the time. Believe that. But you will not be always with me. You will return to yourself, for you cannot be long away."

"Shall I be delivered from this dungeon?"

"Yes. So much, Walter, I know, but how or when, as yet, do not appear. The events of life, we in the spirit world help to work out and control, but until worked out, there is the margin of circumstances as with you. But this I know—you will be delivered."

"This man, then, will not have power to take my life?"

"No, Walter, that is not in his hands. That you are not coming to me, I can feel. We sense the destinies of men, for we are within those destinies."

"Alice, is our father and mother in the dark, concerning my fate?"

"Yes, Walter; but Terese is partly in the light, but I must bring her nearer to me. Walter, you are going from me again. Your knowledge is taking you back into yourself. My revelations are turning your thoughts inward, and breaking my charm to communicate. Stay a moment. You are passing within. Farinelli is—"

"Stay you Alice—Stay a moment. What more would you say? She is gone. Have I been dreaming?"

Walter arose and shook himself, and knew that he was awake then, by the rattling of his chains, but whether he had been asleep or not he could not tell.

"She said I was going away from her. but she seemed to be vanishing from me. What would she have told about Farinelli? I wonder if it was a dream or a reality. It has left a blissful influence, for I feel to acknowledge Providence again. Yes I will give thanks to Heaven."

And Walter Templar knelt and prayed, and then threw himself gratefully upon his heap of straw, and slept.